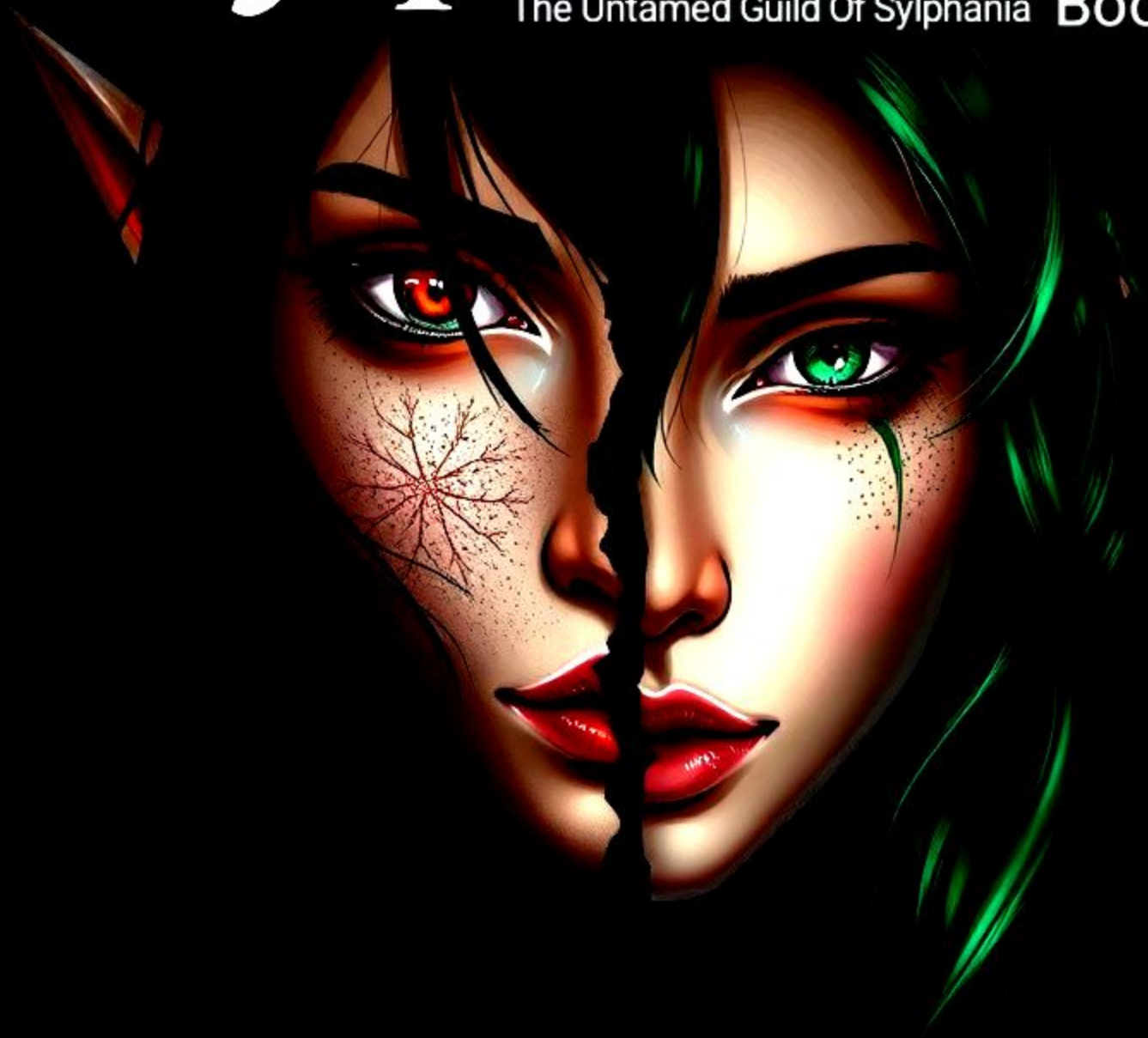
The legend of Syphania

The Untamed Guild Of Sylphania Book 1



Written by ShadowK

The Untamed Guild Of Sylphania

Volume.1

Description

A world bleeds from endless war. A single act of sacrifice echoes through eternity. A dying goddess makes a vow. A grieving father names his destiny.

Two daughters inherit the wind and a world of pain. One dreams of peace,the other of freedom. Together,they will ignite a spark that becomes a kingdom... ...and a legend that births the untamed.

This is the myth upon which Sylphania was built.

The Untamed Guild Of Sylphania

Book.1 The Legend of Sylphania

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Chapter 1: The Legend of Sylphania (Part I)

This world was vast, filled with thousands of species. Yet peace had never touched its soil. Across the sacred land—a continent so great it covered half the earth—wars raged endlessly. Steel clashed, blood flowed, and bodies littered the battlefield.

But amidst this chaos, a love story was born.

Kaelen, a proud shadow elf knight, was feared for his dark blade and his loyalty to his people. Yet even the strongest warriors could not resist the pull of fate. He met Elara, a mortal woman whose scarlet-crimson eyes glimmered like stars. Against every law of their kind, they fell for one another.

They fled from their homelands, hiding from both humans and elves alike, and in time, they married. For years they lived quietly, hearts bound in peace, until Elara's gentle hands rested on her stomach—she was with child. Their joy was boundless.

But fate is cruel.

Far above, the Goddess of Wind, Fujin, grew weak and descended to earth in mortal form. Her divine aura faded as she wandered the blood-soaked lands. It was then that danger struck. A knight, mistaking her for prey, lunged with a killing blow.

By chance—or destiny—Elara was nearby. Without hesitation, she threw herself between the blade and the goddess. Steel tore through flesh, crimson stained her gown, yet with sheer will she fought back, saving Fujin.

When Kaelen arrived, it was too late. His beloved lay lifeless in his arms. His voice broke as he howled to the heavens.

"Who are you? Why is my wife dead because of you?!"

Fujin bowed her head in sorrow.
"I… am Fujin, Goddess of Wind. Forgive me. I cannot undo death."

Kaelen's tears burned his cheeks. "If you are truly a goddess, then save her! Save her and our child!"

But Fujin's gaze dimmed.
"I am wind, not life. I cannot return what has been taken."

Kaelen's rage and grief consumed him. "Then you are no goddess—you are a murderer!"

Fujin trembled. After a long silence, her voice cracked.
“I cannot bring her back… but I can atone. For your wife’s sake—for my sin—I will carry her child.”

Before Kaelen could protest, divine light encircled Elara’s body. Magic swirled, lifting the unborn life from her womb and placing it within Fujin’s own.

Months later, beneath the skies of Sylphania, Fujin gave birth to twin daughters.

The first was radiant like the breeze—her hair a soft green, her emerald eyes glowing with warmth. She was a hybrid, yet more human than elf. Kaelen whispered, “She is as free as the wind… I will name her Sylph.”

The second bore the mark of darkness—raven hair, sharp features, and crimson eyes like her mother. She was a hybrid, yet more elf than human. “She is mine,” Kaelen said softly. “But she carries Elara’s fire. I will name her Scarlett.”

Both daughters, touched by Fujin’s womb, inherited fragments of her divine wind.

Kaelen held them close, his heart aching.
“Elara… do you hear me? Their names are Sylph Yami and Scarlett Yami. I pray you love them as much as I do.”

Thus began the legend of Sylphania.

Chapter 2: The Legend of Sylphania (Part II)

“Elara… they are eighteen now.”

Kaelen’s voice trembled as he sat beneath the moonlight, his sword laid across his lap. “Without you, every day has been a struggle. I never knew raising two daughters could feel like fighting a war I cannot win. But Sylph… she has your kindness. And Scarlett… she has your fire.”

The wind rustled through the trees, carrying silence as his only answer.

Fujin, the goddess of wind, had come to visit only once each year since she regained her divine form. She could not stay long, but each time she placed her hand upon the twins’ heads, her eyes softened with guilt and pride. Before she left, she had erected an invisible barrier—a shimmering shield to protect Kaelen and his children from the raging world outside.

But it was not a sanctuary. It was a cage.

“They are safe,” Kaelen muttered, “but for how long? Already, I can see it in their eyes. They long for more than this… They long for the world you left behind, Elara. And I fear the day they speak the words I cannot bear to hear.”

Outside, beneath the vast sky, the twins dreamed their dreams.

Scarlett lay sprawled in the grass, hands folded beneath her head, crimson eyes reflecting the starlight. Beside her, Sylph sat quietly, emerald gaze soft and pensive.

“Hey, Sylph,” Scarlett said suddenly, breaking the silence. “What’s your dream?”

Sylph leaned back, staring at the endless sky. “I want peace. A land where no war exists. Where no one hates hybrids like us, where no one looks at us with suspicion or disgust. A place where no one has to lose their mother… like we did.” Her voice cracked, but she forced a smile. “If not for Aunt Fujin, we wouldn’t even be alive. We owe her everything.”

She turned to her sister. “What about you, Scarlett? What’s your dream?”

Scarlett’s lips curled into a mischievous grin, though her voice wavered. “I want freedom. To break this invisible cage and see the world. To hunt, to fight, to laugh with strangers. To live without Father asking us a hundred questions every time we step outside. I want adventure, Sylph. I want the unknown.”

Sylph's eyes glowed softly. "Then… why not make our dreams one?"

Scarlett raised an eyebrow. "What do you mean?"

Sylph's smile widened. "We'll build a kingdom together. A land of peace and love—"

"And of adventure and freedom," Scarlett finished, smirking.

The two sisters laughed, the sound echoing under the starlit sky. But soon their laughter faded into nervous silence.

Sylph bit her lip. "We'll have to tell Father."

Scarlett groaned. "Convincing him is harder than fighting a dragon."

"Still…" Sylph whispered, "tonight. At dinner."

The house smelled of roasted venison and herbs. Kaelen stood by the table, placing the final dishes with a father's pride.

"My dear princesses, come! Dinner is ready!"

The twins sat opposite him, whispering nervously. Beneath the table, Sylph kicked Scarlett's leg, urging her on.

Kaelen squinted. "What are you two scheming? You're acting strange."

Scarlett cleared her throat, voice shaky. "D-Dad… we need to ask you something."

"Speak." Kaelen tore a piece of bread, chewing calmly.

The girls looked at one another, then shouted together:
"Dad—we want to go on a journey! We want to see the world! We want to follow our dreams!"

The words struck Kaelen like a spear. He froze, choking on his food, his chest tightening. Without a word, he pushed away from the table and left the house.

Alone beneath the night sky, Kaelen fell to his knees. "Elara… why now? They want to leave me—just like you."

Tears streamed down his face. His voice cracked like breaking glass. "I cannot lose them. Not them, too."

Then it came—a voice, soft and warm as the wind.
“Kaelen… you must let them go.”

His breath caught. “Elara…?”

But the clearing was empty. Only the stars watched him.

“They are not leaving you,” the voice whispered in his heart. “They are finding themselves. Let them go, Kaelen. Do not bind them to your grief. Support them, as we always wished.”

His hands trembled as he clutched his chest. “Elara… if this is your will, then I will trust them.”

Dawn painted the sky gold. Outside the door, the twins had fallen asleep while waiting for their father.

When Kaelen returned, Sylph stirred first, rubbing her eyes. “Scarlett! Father’s back!”

Both girls leapt up, bowing deeply. “We’re sorry, Dad! We didn’t mean to hurt you. If you don’t allow it, we’ll stay.”

Kaelen’s lips curved into a weary smile. He placed a hand on each of their heads.
“Who said I would not allow it? You are my daughters. This is your life. But promise me—protect each other, take care of yourselves, and write me once every month.”

The twins gasped, eyes wide. “R-Really?! You’ll let us go?!”

Kaelen chuckled. “I was hurt… but I will always support you. You are my little princesses. Always.”

Tears welled in their eyes as they leapt into his arms.
“You’re the best dad in the world! We love you!”

Kaelen closed his eyes, holding them tight. “And I love you. Both of you. May the winds guide your journey… and bring you back to me.”

The barrier shimmered faintly around them, as though Fujin herself had heard his vow.

And so, the day of departure drew near—the day the twins would step beyond the invisible cage and into a world that had forgotten them.

Chapter 3: The Legend of Sylphania (Part III)

One week passed since the night Sylph and Scarlett confessed their dream to their father. Their decision was firm, their bags packed with food, weapons, and the memories of a home they would soon leave behind.

Scarlett adjusted her belt and smirked at her sister. “Today is the day.”

Sylph giggled, though her emerald eyes shimmered with nervousness. “Yes… today we finally step into the world.”

As they tightened the last straps on their packs, a sudden blast of wind tore through the wooden door. The twins stumbled back.

Scarlett rolled her eyes. “Finally, you came, Aunt Fujin.”

Sylph groaned. “Why do you always have to break the door instead of knocking?”

From the corner, Kaelen sighed deeply. “That’s the third time, Fujin. My door… again!”

But before anyone could scold her further, Fujin swept the twins into her arms, hugging them so tightly they could barely breathe.
“You two! Thinking of leaving on an adventure without telling me?!”

Scarlett and Sylph gasped, their voices muffled. “Aunt—can’t… breathe—we’ll die!”

Fujin released them sheepishly. “Oopsie… sorry.” But her eyes glistened with pride and sorrow.

At the doorway, the moment of farewell arrived. The twins carried their packs, standing before the two pillars of their childhood: their father, and the goddess who had given them life.

Sylph’s voice trembled. “Dad… take care of yourself.”

Scarlett swallowed hard, forcing a grin. “We love you, Dad. Don’t worry about us too much.”

Kaelen pulled them both into a tight embrace, his warrior’s heart breaking silently. “Go. Live the lives your mother would have wanted. But promise me—you’ll watch over each other. And never forget you always have a home here.”

Fujin bent low, pressing a kiss to their foreheads. Her divine wind shimmered faintly around them. “My dear little ones… may the winds guide your steps.”

And then—it was time.

Hand in hand, Sylph and Scarlett turned and crossed the shimmering barrier that had shielded them since birth. For the first time, the air outside touched their skin. Freedom. The unknown. The world.

They waved from afar, their figures slowly swallowed by the morning fog.

Fujin wiped her tears. “They’ve grown up so quickly… It feels like yesterday I was rocking them in my arms.”

Kaelen nodded, his gaze unblinking. “Yes… and now they walk a road only they can travel.”

Fujin glanced at him. “What will you do now, Kaelen? Without them, your life will change.”

Kaelen exhaled deeply. “I will return to the shadow elf lands. Perhaps I can mend ties, stop at least one corner of this endless war. And… wait for their letters.”

“And you?” he asked softly.

Fujin looked away, her voice almost a whisper. “I will remain in the heavens. I no longer belong here. Each visit was my way of healing myself, but… now, watching them go, I realize I must let go as well.”

Kaelen gave her a rare smile. “Then may the winds watch over them from above.”

Both turned, walking their separate paths, as the twins’ journey began.

The road stretched endlessly. For days the sisters trekked across forests and hills, their laughter carrying on the wind.

Scarlett stood atop a tree one evening, spreading her arms wide. “This is it, Sylph! Real freedom!”

Sylph tilted her head. “Scarlett… where are we even going? We’ve been walking for three days without a destination.”

Scarlett scratched her cheek, embarrassed. “…Uhh… freedom doesn’t need a map.”

Sylph sighed but smiled. “Then let’s find a purpose.”

Weeks passed. The scars of war lay everywhere—villages burned, fields soaked in blood. Yet amidst this chaos, hope glimmered.

One night, in a small village tavern, the sisters found themselves sharing a meal when a boy with horns curling from his head sat nearby. He was only a few years older than them, his golden eyes tired but sharp.

Scarlett's curiosity flared instantly. "Whoa! What's that on your head?"

The boy frowned. "…My horns. Don't touch—"

Too late. Both sisters leaned over, poking them with fascination.
"We've never seen a human with horns!"

"I'm not human," he said flatly. "I'm Oni. Name's Karatos."

Sylph smiled warmly. "I'm Sylph Yami. And this is my twin sister, Scarlett. Our father is a shadow elf, our mother was human."

Scarlett grinned dramatically. "We're hybrids! Mostly shadow elf in my case."

Karatos studied them, skeptical. "Twins? You don't even look alike."

They laughed, and soon the table filled with stories. Karatos spoke of his parents, slaughtered before his eyes, and his wish to build a world where no child would suffer that fate again.

Sylph's emerald eyes softened. "That pain… we know it too. We lost our mother before we ever knew her. Our dream is the same—peace. A kingdom where all races can live together."

Scarlett leaned in, eyes burning. "Come with us. Let's build it together."

Karatos hesitated, then nodded slowly. "…Then I'll join you."

Their journey gained momentum. One by one, others joined them:

Zohan, a wandering human swordsman seeking redemption.

Kuro, a proud dwarf prince exiled from his mountain home.

Nyxia, an elemental spirit of fire, mischievous yet wise.

Rex, a human wizard whose hunger for knowledge rivaled his loyalty.

Lina, a light elf archer whose arrows never missed.

Lydia, a mermaid who gave up the sea to walk the land beside them.

Sarya, a fierce naga warrior with scales like obsidian.

Kyxo, a playful kitsune with nine tails hidden in illusions.

Kuroba, a tengu swordsman whose honor bound him to their cause.

Zyrex, a dragonnoid whose roar shook the earth.

Together they became thirteen—a fellowship forged not by blood, but by shared dreams.

Wherever they went, they brought change. They fought, they healed, they negotiated peace where others saw only hate.

And so the legend began

Chapter 4: The Legend of Sylphania (Final)

The sun rose over the scarred lands, spilling gold over rivers that had once run red with blood. The forests, now whispering with life, bore witness to the end of countless wars, and the air, once heavy with smoke, carried the fragile scent of hope. Across these lands, a remarkable band of heroes moved as one—the Covenant Order of Thirteen—their shadows long, their purpose unshakable.

Zohan, the wandering human swordsman, walked with quiet determination, each step a prayer for redemption. Kuro, the dwarf prince, no longer exiled, carried the weight of his people's trust in his broad shoulders. Nyxia flickered alongside them like a living flame, her mischievous laughter cutting through tension during negotiations with rival kingdoms. Rex, the human wizard whose hunger for knowledge had once seemed insatiable, was no longer with them—but his spirit lingered in every spell they cast, a reminder of loyalty and sacrifice.

Lina's arrows had become legendary; every bowstring drawn was a pledge of peace, and every target struck, a bridge between enemies. Lydia, the mermaid who had forsaken the sea, walked the land with quiet grace, offering counsel born of both water and heart. Sarya's obsidian scales gleamed under the sun as she enforced treaties with a fierce and unyielding presence, while Kyxo, the playful kitsune, twisted illusions around tense meetings, turning suspicion into laughter. Kuroba, ever honorable, ensured every word spoken and promise made bore the weight of his integrity.

Even among these heroes, two figures stood as the pillars of their journey: Sylph, whose vision had birthed their dream of unity, and Scarlett, her twin, whose spirit had fueled their relentless fight. By their side, Zohan, the Oni whose heart carried the loss of his parents to war, and Zyrex, the dragonnoid whose roar could shake mountains, completed the formidable circle of the Order.

Together, they traveled from kingdom to kingdom, negotiating with stubborn warlords, quelling ancient grudges, and uniting disparate races under a banner of trust, land, and freedom. In the emerald forests of the elves, Lina spoke with archers who had once hunted humans as enemies. In the dwarven mountain halls, Kuro bartered with reluctant elders, proving his loyalty with every word. Nyxia danced flames over icy chasms, drawing awe and respect from elemental spirits who had only known chaos.

Yet, not all moments were victories. The greatest test came at the borders of the Darklands, where Rex had made the ultimate sacrifice. As the Order battled waves of shadow beasts, Rex held the core of the enemy's power at bay. His voice echoed in Zohan's mind in the final moment: "Go… protect them… I'll hold the darkness here." And with a blaze of magic that turned night into dawn, Rex vanished, leaving the group broken, the pain of loss etched into every soul.

The aftermath was chaos. For days, the Order grieved, their laughter silenced and their steps heavy. But grief transformed into determination, and slowly, they rebuilt, each victory a tribute to the friend they had lost. Across hills and rivers, forests and mountains, the scattered races began to trust one another. Peace, once a fragile dream, became a reality.

And then, Sylphania stood. The kingdom rose like a jewel across the half of the earth they had saved, its walls gleaming with hope, its towers reaching toward the heavens. From the grand balcony of the palace, the Covenant Order gazed upon the land, hearts swelling with pride. Cheers erupted, carried by wind and mountain, echoing across the lands they had united. Scarlett smirked, eyes glinting with triumph.

"The nation… the kingdom… we did it," she said softly, letting the words linger.

But triumph came at a cost. Suddenly, Sylph staggered, clutching her chest. Pain flared through her, sharp as lightning, yet she smiled through it. Her gaze swept across the Order, lingering on each friend, each ally, each life she had fought to protect.

"I love all of you," she whispered, her voice trembling yet strong. "I'm going to meet Rex… before I leave, like a legend."

Summoning the last of her energy, Sylph conjured a wind barrier, invisible yet unyielding, that enveloped Sylphania. It would allow all races to come and go freely, but no evil force could cross it. Tears streaked faces, voices broke, and Scarlett fell to her knees.

"Sis… I will protect you," she sobbed.
"I know," Sylph whispered, smiling faintly. Then, her eyes lifted skyward, serene as if she were already reunited with her lost friend.

Months passed, and the Order convened to decide the name of the new kingdom. Inspired by the courage of Sylph and the fiery spirit of Scarlett, they christened half the earth Sylphania. Leadership was entrusted to Zyrex, who accepted the crown with solemn pride. All members of the Covenant Order were named royal founders, bound forever to the kingdom's legacy.

Yet life, as ever, remained unpredictable. One morning, Scarlett vanished. On her bed lay a delicate note:

"Guys, I know you will lead Sylphania well. Don't worry about me. I am going on a new journey… I am a bird who does not stay in a cage."

Al, ever wise, merely smiled. They had known this day would come.

And so, the legacy of the Covenant Order of Thirteen was sealed. Sylphania stood as a testament to sacrifice, courage, and unity. Its name would echo through generations, whispered in songs and carved into histories. And somewhere, far beyond the palace walls, Scarlett soared freely, a spirit unbound, leaving her indelible mark on a world she had helped save.

Author Note

Dear Reader,

Thank you for walking through the first steps of this legend with me. What you have just read is more than a story—it is the foundation. It is the sacred myth upon which an entire world was built.

But every legend has a beginning, and every beginning must eventually yield to the present. The past has been told. The stage is set.

Now, the real adventure begins.

The story of The Untamed Guild of Sylphania is waiting. New faces, wild hearts, and chaotic laughter are just on the horizon.
The next book of The Untamed Guild of Sylphania will come in September.

The guild awaits.

With gratitude,
ShadowK